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Carlsbad, N. M.
FIRST-CLASS COWBOY BOOTS
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Repairing Neatly and Promptly Done.
Give Me a Trial Order

Parcel Post Orders

All Repair Orders received by parcel
post attended to promptly and postage
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THIRTY-FIVE YEARS' EXPER-
IENCE enables me to guarantee my
work.

FATY'S MOUNTAIN

BEST OF COLD DRINKS

Barber Shop
Billiards

COURTEOUS TREATMENT To ALL
Everything New and Up-to-date.

LETTER ONE HUNDRED YEARS
OLD TELLS OF COLD SUMMER.

The approaching centennial of the
summer of 1816, which was in fact,
no summer at all, has started a good
deal of talk as to whether history
will repeat itself or not. In this con-
nection The Independent of North-
field, Minn., has reproduced a very
interesting letter written nearly a
century ago and telling about the
conditions at that time. A reprint of
this letter is in possession of Mr. and
Mrs. E. S. Bill, the persons to whom
the letter was addressed. Nathaniel
Beach, having been the great-grand-
father of Mrs. Bill of North-
field, Minn., Mrs. Lizzie Seals also
of Northfield, Reuben Beach Dean
of Denning, New Mexico; Frederick J.
Dean of Wadena, Minn., and Mrs. W.
D. Rounce of Shell Lake, Wis. Fol-
lowing is the letter, reproduced as
it was written, showing the quaint
old style of the time and an intro-
ductory note by the paper in which it
was reproduced:

A letter from Abiah (Beach) Beardsley
of Fairfield, Vt., to her
father Nathaniel Beach, residing at
Bear Swamp in Stratford. The sum-
mer of that year has been noted as
the "cold summer" in Connecticut:

"Fairfield, Vt., Aug. 11, 1816.

"Honorable parents I now take this
opportunity

To write to you and let you know that
we are

All alive and well but myself. I have
been

Deaf with one ear for about four
or five weeks.

There is almost a famine here this
year. Crops was cut

Off last year—they are cut off this
year—we have

Got the best piece of corn of anybody
around here and

Some of it is beginning to silk out—
wheat is

Miserable—we had a hard frost last
night—there

Has been a frost every month this
summer.

The sixth and seventh and eighth of
June it snowed

Them three days very fast all the time
and froze

The ground hard and ice two inches
thick. Corn is

Two dollars a bushel and flour from
fifteen to sixteen

Dollars a barrel—we don't know but
we shall all

Starve to death—some talk of mov-
ing away and

Leaving their farms. I want to see
you so I

Don't know what to do. I long to
hear from you.

If these seasons continue

We shall have to go somewhere and

Come back to Connecticut. I send my
love to

You all and to uncle Oben and aunt
enice and

Wilcoxson. I want to see them all—
Aunt Hannah and Hannah

this to

Mr. Nathaniel Beach senior

ABIAH BEARDSLEY

Christian & Co. INSURANCE

Left All to Employee.

Stout City, Ia.—The good and faith-
ful servant of ancient days found a

modern example here when Charles
Grubel, twenty-five years old, a clerk,

received nearly all of the \$50,000 es-
tate left by Otto Mowitz, a grocer for

whom Grubel had worked six years.

Christian & Co. INSURANCE.

A TALE OF RED ROSES

By
GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER

Copyright, 1914, by the Bobbs-Merrill Co.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Molly Starts For a Drive.

LOORENING of his collar, a
dash of cold water into his
face, a sip of brandy, restored
Frank Marley to conscious-
ness, but he was an old man. He
seemed vividly to have shrunk in his
clothes and the flesh to have sagged
in his cheeks. He tried to smile bravely
when they set him in his chair, but
the attempt was a pathetic failure.

"I guess I'm out of the game," he
confessed. "My heart's bad."
Molly took up the telephone.

"I'll call Dr. Brand," she anxiously
decided.

"Don't," he begged, stopping her with
his hand. "It isn't physical; it's men-
tal. I've lost my nerve. Molly, Sledge
wins. We're broke."

"How can that be?" she puzzled, un-
able to comprehend it. "You even
showed me the check."

"Here it is," said Bert, who had picked
it from the floor and was smoothing it
out.

"Worthless!" Marley growled at sight
of it. "I can sue for it, but they'll beat
me."

Bert edged in between Molly and
Fern, so that he could stand directly
in front of Marley and see his face.

"Do you mean to tell me that our
whole plan has failed to the ground?"
Marley nodded miserably.

"How did it happen?"

"I don't quite understand," wavered
Marley. "I haven't the details, but by
some trick, Sledge has secured fifty
year franchises for every street in the
city, including mine."

"How does that affect you?" persisted
Bert, his eyes falling again to the
check. That document looked so much
like real money that he was inclined to
believe it rather than Marley.

"Affect me?" protested Marley, start-
led into a little snarl. "He says he
planned. It means we've lost our way
company a little longer. We can't
everything."

"But this check!" insisted Bert.

"Invalid," declared Marley, "it was
not authorized by me."

Bert ripped out the roll.

"I suppose that if the check had been
a profitable one you never would have
heard of the invalid."

Marley smiled and shook his head.

"Then all our plans are off," exclaim-
ed Bert. "The money that is un-
available for enough to clear his own
mortgage. Your stock and mine are
worthless. You lose this house. I am
stuck for the loan I made to give you
control. We haven't money enough
to go into business, and we can't go
back east. Molly, it looks like a per-
manent!"

Jessie Peters edged closer and slip-
ped her arm around Molly.

"Not on my account," protested Mar-
ley, fumbling at his collar, and he
arose feebly to adjust it before the
mantel mirror.

Molly, seeing that he wavered, hur-
ried to his support.

He turned to her and put his hands
on her shoulders.

"I'm sorry, Molly," he said simply,
looking into her eyes with more fond-
ness than he was in the habit of show-
ing her.

"We can stand it," she comforted
him. "After all, it's only just. I feel
so much less wicked if we suffer with
all the poor people we have helped to
ruin."

A short laugh from Bert interrupted
her, and she turned to him with a ris-
ing flame in her eyes, but little Jes-
sie Peters had caught her hand and
was looking up into her face.

The minister, a tall chap who had
won the hammer throwing medal in
his last year at college, had withdrawn
discreetly to the parlor when the con-
versation had begun, but now came
back apologetically.

"I am sorry to urge you," he ob-
served, looking at his watch. "I have a
brief appointment, but I can return."

"I don't know," hesitated Molly,
glancing at Bert. "Wait just a min-
ute."

The thin butler, who was now cross-
eyed, came through the hall to the
front door, which he opened, and a
second later he was sitting in the un-
labeled rack.

"Say, youse!" bellowed the voice of
Sledge as his huge bulk, followed by
Tommy Reeler, slammed back through
the hall, filling the perspective like a
ferry crowding onto her dock. "Is it
all over?"

Fern was the first one to recover
from the shock.

"No," she said meekly, but her eyes
danced of the devil as they met those
of Tommy Reeler.

"Then it's off!" yelled Sledge and
crushed the startled Molly by the
arist.

Bert endeavored to throw himself in
between the two and to face Sledge,
but that experienced old ward leader,
who had not forgotten the training of
his early days, gave him a quick el-
bow in the pit of the stomach, and
Bert doubled up in the middle like a
jackknife and dropped heels up on a
couch, clawing for breath while Sledge,
as resilient as an auto drier, dragged
the struggling Molly steadily toward
the front door.

Opposite the library he met with an
unexpected defender. The tall young
preacher threw himself upon the big

bag bodily, avoided the pile driver ef-
fect, grabbed Sledge around the neck
with his steel-like left wrist and with
his right fist poked him in the jaw.

Sledge shook his head and spluttered
as he would in a shower bath, but
never let go of Molly's wrist and plod-
ded on toward the front door, trying
to force off the clutch of the tall young
minister with his mighty left arm.

The minister, whose heart was par-
ticularly in his work because this was
the first opportunity he had ever en-
joyed to wallop a man in a righteous
cause, industriously slammed Sledge
on his other jaw, and the smack was
like a kiss at a country dance.

Tommy Reeler, who had been clear-
ing the legs of the limp butler out of
the path of progress, now sprang on
the minister's back and pinioned his
busy arms from behind, while Sledge

steadily dragged them all toward the
front door, with Molly now screaming
and Mina, her arms about her mis-
tress' waist, jerking her from behind.

"Mina!" cried Molly. "Let go! You're
pulling my arm in two!"

The weight of Tommy Reeler told at
last. The minister's hold on Sledge's
neck loosened, and he and Tommy
tumbled back with a thud into the mid-
dle of the parlor, rolling under the
very chandelier which was to have been
the pivot of the wedding. Tommy,
who had risen to be a boss contractor
largely through muscular will, enjoyed
a lively tussle with the young mis-
tress, but luck favored him, and he land-
ed on top.

"Now, you behave!" he panted, with
his hand at the minister's throat and
his fist held in convenient range for
microscopic scrutiny. "I don't want
you to start anything with me because
I don't punch a preacher."

With as steady a progress as if he
had been marching behind a bear-
skin Sledge dragged Molly out of the hall
and across the porch and to the door
of his waiting limousine, into which
he pulled her with the same careful
force as a man handling a particularly
game bass.

"Home, Billy!" he chuckled to the
driver.

Molly's first and perfectly normal
action when the limousine drove away
with her was to indulge in a splendid
case of hysteria, not one detail of
which was omitted. She laughed, she
cried, she shrieked, she pounded her
heels on the floor of the car, she tried
to jump out of the machine, she laugh-
ed and she cried again, and Sledge
was so scared that he wilted his col-
lar.

"You're all right, Miss Molly," he
hoarsely cooed over and over, but finally
a happy thought struck him, and,
opening a forward window, he gruffly
directed, "Say, Billy, stop at Sheeny
Jake's and bring out a slug of eye."

Molly dabbed at her eyes with the
flimsy lace handkerchief which she had
intended to carry under the cut glass
chandelier.

"You are hurting my wrist," she com-
plained.

He let go slowly and looked at the
deep white indentations of his big fin-
gers. He almost blubbered.

"I'm a slob!" he confessed. "Why,
Miss Molly, I'd say my leg off before
I'd hurt you! Why, doggone it, you're
like a flower or a butterfly or a canary
to me! Look at that wrist!"

She drew her hand away, with a
splendid assumption of cold disdain,
although, through some freak or fancy,
she could see the zigzagging face of Fern.

"Mr. Sledge, where are you taking
me?"

"Home," he informed her. "We're
going to get married."

In spite of her tearing anger, there
was something in this so ridiculous
that she was compelled to laugh, and
with the first peal Sledge paled.

"Hit 'er up!" he yelled to his driver.

"I want that booze quick! Please
don't, Miss Molly; you're all right!"
And he made the futile attempt of
mopping his brow with the foolish lit-
tle handkerchief which he somehow
found in his hand.

"Let me out of here!" she demanded.

"Nix!" he gruffly replied. "You don't
fool me again. I'm gonna marry you."

"You can't," she told him. "It isn't
legal if I don't say 'Yes.'"

"You got to say 'Yes,'" he insisted.

"Look here, Molly, I couldn't tell you
marry that pinhead. He's a woman
fusser. He's been mixed up with them
since you were engaged, and he'd never
stop."

"It won't do you any good to belittle
Bert," she flared.

"I can't," he informed her. "I kept
my mouth shut, but now I got to spill
what I know. These pretty men are
always worse after they're married.
Bert's a bum! He's got a streak of
yellow the size of a canal. He ain't
got the brains of a tadpole. He can't
make a living unless somebody helps
him. You'd hate his bones in six
months. So don't you marry him!"

"I am the one to decide on that,"
Molly indignantly advised him.

Sledge looked at her a moment con-
templatively, then he opened the for-
ward window.

"Stop!" he ordered Billy, and closed
the window again. "All right; go to
it; decide," he unexpectedly told her
as the machine stopped. "But be on
the level now. Do you love Bert?"

"That's my affair," she evaded, flush-
ing.

"Now, it ain't," he insisted. "It's
mine. Do you love him enough to be
poor with him? Now, be square."

Molly was silent.

"You don't," he concluded. "Put it
the other way. How about Bert?
Now, don't kid yourself."

Again Molly was silent. She could
answer that question if she chose, and
the picture of little Jessie Peters' sub-
lime adoration of Dicky Reynolds came
before her eyes, linked with the mem-
ory of Bert's face when he had sug-
gested a postponement. Being broke
was an incident with Jessie and Dicky
and entirely aside from their love
with Bert and herself it was the love
which had been incidental.

Sledge waited a reasonable time for
her to allude to Bert's enthusiasm.

"Home!" he commanded Billy. "You
see, I'm wise, Miss Molly. That pin-
head couldn't love anybody enough to
go the distance. I can. I'll murder
anybody you name. Want anybody
killed?"

"You!" she savagely retorted and
then, to her own surprise, laughed.
She had put her hand on the catch of
the door, but, since she made no at-
tempt to stop her, she left it there.

"You don't hate me that much," he
calmly informed her. "You like me."

Again she laughed, this time at his
naivete. "You see, it's like this," he
explained. "I'm a big slob, and I'm
rough. I ain't pretty, and I know it,
but I can start something any minute,
and when I do I can finish it. You
don't know it, but you're strong for
that."

With a thrill Molly realized that he
was right in this. She did admire
force. She admired Sledge, and now
that she had time to think it over,
something within her responded to his
direct and simple method of breaking
up her wedding.

"But love is different," she replied,
arguing more to herself than to him.

"Nix!" he denied. "It's the strongest
thing there is."

"Love cries," Molly mused, remem-
bering Jessie.

"It hurts," he agreed. "If used to
sound like a joke to me—till I got it.
Now I want to break chains with my
chest. Molly, when I think of you I
could holler. I don't dare touch you
it makes me weak. You don't want
to go back and marry Bert, do you?"

His voice had in it a trembling plea
so un-Sledge-like that she would have
pined him had she not been so ab-
sorbed in her startling attitude toward
the question he had asked her. Noth-
ing seemed more remote and absurd
than that she should go back and marry
Bert.

"No!" she bluntly confessed.

Sledge opened the front window.

"Hurry up!" he admonished Billy
and Molly laughed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BLEW HIS MEMORY AWAY.

Canadian Soldier's Story of What a
German Shell Did For Him.

Gunter Thomas E. Trusler of the
Third brigade, Field artillery, Cana-
dian forces, who is in New York, got
too close to a big German shell in the
battle of Vimontagne in Belgium, just
before the battle of Ypres, and forgot
everything in his life before.

Trusler, who is from Montreal, says
all he remembers of his twenty-two
years of life dates from a day he
awoke in a hospital at Shorecliffe,
England, and wanted to know why he
wasn't at the front. He couldn't tell
what his name was, nor where he
came from. He was told that he had
been entered on the hospital lists as
Private Howard Trusler, and it was
by that name that he went back to
the front and joined another Canadian
artillery company, only to have his
left leg shattered by a shell and be
sent back to an English hospital. When
convalescent he was sent back to
Montreal, where his papers showed he
came from.

His relatives had been notified, he
says, and his uncle went to Quebec
to meet the Scandinavian, the ship on
which he had sailed, but when his
uncle greeted him the soldier told him
he didn't know him. When he reached
Roumont station, in Montreal, his
parents met him, but got the same old
reception. He was taken all over the
city to his old haunts, but he knew
none and had to begin all over making
acquaintances.

When he went to war he was engag-
ed, and on his return was taken to see
his fiancée.

"I couldn't remember ever having
seen her," said Trusler, "but if I wrote
some of the letters she received from
places I had been, I guess I was all
right as a lover."

REAL PORTRAITURE.

A Beautiful Little Frock For
the Schoolgirl's Afternoon.



A PROUD CUSTOMER

This little gown, so simple and grace-
ful in its outline, is cut in a Russian
blouse effect of bottle green velvet
with dropped shoulder seams. The
edges are piped with a narrow band-
ing of the gold tulle which makes
the skirt, a handsome plaid of navy
blue and bottle green. A crash grille
and sailor collar of the plaid are the
only trimming, except the vesting of
white lawn fastened with tiny croch-
et buttons.

A CITY FAIR.

- Build ye a city, O men,
Build ye a city fair.
- But forget ye not the soul must live.
- And keep for us, here and there,
- A plot of grass, a flowering tree,
- Where over our heads ye skies may
see.
- And silver roads on high.
- Build ye a city, O men,
Build ye a city fair.
- But keep for us, here and there,
- And keep for us, here and there,
- The good brown earth, the bound-
less sea.
- Let not weeds unattended grow
Tidy and true.
- Mid the flowering city fair.
- Build ye a city, O men,
Build ye a city fair.
- But keep for us, here and there,
- And keep for us, here and there,
- Where in times of stress our souls
may see.
- The light, for this city fair.

—Atmos.

SPECIAL

Excursion



ROUND TRIP SUMMER TOURIST.
Los Angeles, San Diego,
San Francisco, Cal.
\$58.30

ACCOUNT STATE DEMOCRATIC
CONVENTION
Round trip fare Carlsbad to
Albuquerque \$24.20

Tickets on sale May 22-23 and 24
with final return limit May 26th

Tickets on sale May 1st to September
30th, 1916.

Final return limit October 31st.
ROUND TRIP SUMMER TOURIST
On sale daily May 15th to Sept. 30th.

Final return limit Oct. 31st.
Chicago, Ill. \$58.40
St. Louis, Mo. \$6.95

Kansas City, Mo. \$6.50
Denver, Colo. \$5.10
Colo. Springs \$2.20

For Additional Destinations and fur-
ther information, call
SANTA FE TICKET OFFICE
J. M. BALES

Agent

NOTICE.
No. 309.

In the Probate Court, Eddy County,
New Mexico.

In the matter of the estate of Wil-
liam E. Beers, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that Laura
M. Beers, administratrix of the es-
tate of William E. Beers, deceased,
having filed in the Probate Court of
Eddy County, New Mexico, her first
and final report of her administration
of said estate, and a petition for her
discharge as administratrix of said
estate, the hearing of the same has
been fixed by the court for the 3rd
day of July, 1916, at 10 o'clock, A.

M., at the Court room of said Court
in the Courthouse at Carlsbad, Eddy
County, New Mexico, and all per-
sons interested in said estate are
hereby notified then and there to ap-
pear and show cause, if any they have,
why said report should not be ac-
cepted and allowed and said admin-
istratrix discharged.

LAURA M. BEERS,
Administratrix.

12-May-3

NOTICE.
No. 315.

In the Probate Court, Eddy County,
New Mexico.

In Re the Estate of N. Cunningham,
Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that J. D.
Walker, administrator of the estate
of N. Cunningham, deceased, having
filed in the Probate Court of Eddy
County, New Mexico, his First and
Final Report as Administrator of
said estate, and a petition for his dis-
charge as administrator of said estate,
the hearing of the same has been fixed
by the Court for the 3rd day of July,
1916, at 10 o'clock, A. M., at the
Court room of said Court, in the
Court House at Carlsbad, Eddy Coun-
ty, New Mexico, and all persons in-
terested in said estate are hereby no-
tified then and there to appear and
show cause if any they have, why
said report should not be accepted
and allowed and said administrator
discharged.

Dated: May 19th, 1916.

J. D. WALKER,
Administrator.

19-May-3

Department of the Interior, United
States Land Office, Roswell, New
Mexico, April 29, 1916.

Notice is hereby given that the
State of New Mexico, under the pro-
visions of the Acts of Congress ap-
proved June 21, 1898 and June 20,
1910 and acts supplementary
and amendatory thereto, has filed in
this office selection lists for the following
described lands:

List No. 7148. Serial No. 634485.
SW 1-4 SW 1-4, SW 1-4 SE 1-4,
Sec. 20; NW 1-4 NW 1-4 Sec. 21 T.
25 S. R. 21 E., N. M. Mer. 120 acres.

List No. 7170. Serial No. 634617.
Lot 4, SE 1-4 SW 1-4 Sec. 19, Lots
1, 2, 3, 4, NE 1-4 NW 1-4, SE 1-4
SW 1-4, Sec. 20 T